

PDC

CRIME

10¢

DOES NOT PAY

all **TRUE**
CRIME
STORIES

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Attention!
FULL SIZE
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MAGAZINES!
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BIRD

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"CASE OF THE LOVE SICK CLOWN"

A
TRUE
Story

CHICAGO—

MIRTH AND
MURDER JOINED
HANDS WHEN
BEAUTIFUL
SOPHIE SINGER
AND HER
SWEETHEART
TOOK ROOMS AT
A BOARDING
HOUSE ...

GREETINGS, FOLKS!
YOU WOULD BE MISS
SINGER AND MR.
WORTHEN! WE'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
YOU!

OH!!

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH FOR HOW CAN THE AUDIENCE
KNOW THAT THIS TIME YOUR PERFORMANCE
IS A SMILE OF DEATH!

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WHY, CHARLES, WHAT SILLY TALK!

SOPHIE, MY SOPHIE, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU?

LOVE! HA, HA! WHY YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A CLOWN! DON'T BE FANTASTIC!

I'M NOT A CLOWN—I'M AN ARTIST! YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU WITCH!



YOU.. YOU!



SHE LAUGHED AT MY LOVE FOR HER—CALLED ME A CLOWN—A FUNNY MAN!



ALRIGHT, CLOWN—GET INTO YOUR ACT! THE CROWD'S WAITIN'



WHY YOU BLASTED... YOU'RE... YOU'RE FIRED!

SHE CAN'T SPURN MY LOVE LIKE THAT! I'VE GOT TO SEE HER AGAIN! MAYBE SHE'LL CHANGE HER MIND!

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WITH SUCH BRAZEN FACTS BEFORE HIM, THE INSPECTOR LOST NO TIME IN ACTING! A CHECK ON THE CONWAYS REVEALED THEY HAD RELATIVES IN OHIO. HE GUESSED THEY WOULD HEAD FOR A HIDEOUT THERE—AND HE WAS RIGHT—FOR LATER...



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THROUGH THE HAUNTED STREETS OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, STALKED TWO OF HISTORY'S MOST HORRIBLE GHOULS—HARE AND BURKE! IT WAS THE YEAR 1829—THE YEAR IN WHICH TWO NIGHTMARISH CREATURES BEGAN THE BLOODIEST PARTNERSHIP IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME—THEIR BUSINESS—MURDER, THEIR MERCHANDISE WAS CORPSES!

"Ghouls' Gold"

Drawn By JACK ALDERMAN

Story By ROBERT BERNSTEIN

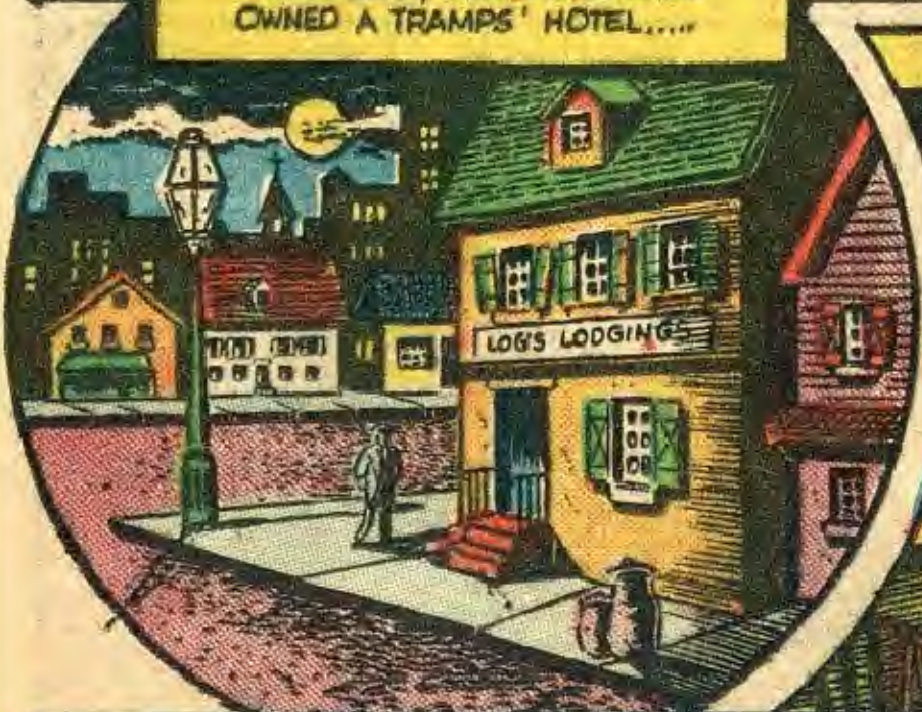


IN THE WORST SECTION OF SHEFFIELD, BURKE AND HARE OWNED A TRAMPS' HOTEL....

UPSTAIRS...

GOOD FOR NOTHING CHEAT-ROBBER! GIVE US THE FOUR POUNDS RENT YOU OWE US!

KICKING A CORPSE WON'T RAISE OUR MONEY, HARE! HOWEVER I'VE GOT A SCHEME TO MAKE DONALD PAY US BACK WITH INTEREST!



THIS IS A TRUE CRIME STORY OF MURDER AND TREMENDOUS SUSPENSE AND IMPACT.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE BUM IS SOON BURIED....

ASHES TO ASHES
AND DUST TO DUST!

AND DONALD
TO US, AT
MIDNIGHT, EH,
HARE?



MIDNIGHT...

IT SEEMS I'VE DUG TWELVE
FEET ALREADY! WHERE IS
THAT RAT'S COFFIN?

PATIENCE, BURKE, WE'LL
SOON HAVE THE BODY!



AH, LOOK AT 'IM
SNORIN'. LIFT 'IM
GENTLY, BURKE, SO
YOU DON'T WAKE
UP THE STIFF, HA!
HA!

DON'T WORRY,
HARE! NOTHIN'
BUT JUDGMENT
DAY'S GOING
TO WAKE
'IM UP!



UGH!! HE'S HEAVY... PITY WE
CAN'T SELL 'IM BY THE POUND!



DON'T KNOW AS DONALD'LL
TURN TO DUST... BUT HE'S
TURNED TO BRUSHWOOD
PLENTY FAST!



THEN...

NOW TO THE COLLEGE
IN SURGEON'S SQUARE!



SOON AFTER, IN SURGEON'S SQUARE....

YES, I'M KNOX! WHAT
THE DEVIL'S THE IDEA OF
WAKING ME UP AT THIS
HOUR?

YOUR PARDON.
DR. KNOX - WE
HAVE SOMETHING
TO SELL YOU...
CHOICE GOODS!



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ON THE WHOLE, NOT A BAD CORPSE, MR. HARE! I CAN USE AS MANY AS YOU CAN DELIVER ME...FOR COLLEGE DISSECTION WORK!

TEN POUNDS! OH, DR. KNOX, WE SHALL KEEP YOU WELL SUPPLIED FOR THESE PRICES!



BACK AT LOG'S LODGINGS...

TEN POUNDS A CORPSE! AYE! THAT'S A FINE PRICE! I WISH WE COULD FIND MORE CORPSES!

FIND THEM? I SAY, LET'S MAKE MORE!



A WONDERFUL IDEA! BUILD UP OUR OWN MARKET AND WE'LL BEGIN BUSINESS AT ONCE!



ON SECOND THOUGHT WE'D BETTER NOT USE KNIVES! SHE MUSTN'T MAKE ANY OUTCRY! WE'LL SMOTHER THE OLD CROW!



YEOW!

HURRY WITH THAT PILLOW, BURKE! SHE'LL WAKE UP THE DEAD!



I DIDN'T THINK THE OLD GIRL HAD THAT MUCH LIFE IN HER. SHE WON'T DIE EASILY!

TWO MORE MINUTES, BURKE, AND WE'LL BE BACK IN BUSINESS!



TO-MORROW YOU TAKE OUR DEAR DEPARTED LODGER TO DR. KNOX! TELL HIM SHE'S YOUR AUNT! MEANWHILE I'LL HUNT FOR MORE ADDITIONS TO OUR "FAMILY"!!!



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THE NEXT DAY HARE AND BURKE STARTED TO DRUM UP "TRADE."



SUDDENLY...

OHHH!!

WHACK!

THIS ISN'T ALL, MY FRIEND! THE BEST IS COMING!

IS HE DEAD YET? YOU'VE BEEN CHOKING HIM FOR THREE MINUTES...

HE'S JUST BEING STUBBORN BUT IT WON'T GET HIM ANYWHERE.



SOMETIMES THE TWO DEALERS IN DEATH MET STRONGER OPPOSITION, AS....

I SAY! WHAT GOES ON, HEY?

MISSED HIM! HARE! I MISSED HIM!



COMING, BURKE!

AIEEEE!!



BRAIN ME, WILL YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU SCOUNDREL!

HARE...! STOP 'IM!



SO...SO, YOU'RE HARE! WELL, YOU W--WERE HARE!

NO! NO! STAY AWAY. YAH!!!



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT THE JANITOR OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL MADE A TERRIFYING DISCOVERY....

MARY! MRS. MCGOWAN, LOOK! M-MY NIECE, MARY, LYING HERE DEAD! SHE'S BEEN KILLED! OHHHH!

LAND SAKES, MR. PATTERSON! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



LATER...

WE BELIEVE THAT GIRL WAS MURDERED, DR. KNOX! WHO SOLD YOU HER BODY?

TWO MEN NAMED HARE AND BURKE...THEY OWN LOG'S LODGINGS NEAR WESTPORT. THIS IS MERE STUFF AND NONSENSE!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT LOG'S LODGINGS, BUSINESS AS USUAL...

SORRY I HAD TO STAB HER, BURKE, BUT SHE WAS SCREAMING TOO LOUD! NOW WE WON'T GET MORE THAN 5 POUNDS FOR HER!

WELL, THAT'S THE LUCK IN THIS RACKET, HARE—CAN'T EXPECT PROSPERITY ALL THE TIME!



JUST THEN, A POLICE RAID.... WE'VE CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED! GET THEM!

SOMEONE'S BETRAYED US! YEOW!

EEEEEE!

GOOD! THE PAVEMENT'LL STOP HIM!



OWW! YOU FIENDS WILL SUFFER MORE THAN A FALL AND RAP ACROSS THE KNUCKLES BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU!

FINALLY—JUSTICE CAUGHT UP WITH HARE AND BURKE....

FOR THE CRIME OF KILLING FORTY-THREE PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD, THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT HORRIBLE ENOUGH FOR YOU—ALL WE CAN DO IS HANG YOU AND WE WILL!

SO MONSTROUS WAS THE EFFECT OF BURKE'S CRIMES ON THE MIND OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE THAT IN "HONOR" OF ITS ORIGINATOR, THE WORD "TO BURKE" IS DEFINED IN THE DICTIONARY AS THE ACT OF SMOTHERING OR CHOKING....



Jack Alderman

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DOCTOR OF EVIL

A
TRUE
STORY



The STORY OF THE FAKE
'DOC' MORAN IS THE STORY
OF A SLIMY BEING WHO ASSUMED
THE DISGUISE OF A DOCTOR TO
HELP THE MOST VICIOUS KILLERS
IN THE UNDERWORLD! 'DOC' MORAN
WAS ESPECIALLY EVIL TO THE LAW
BECAUSE HE 'PUT TOGETHER' WHAT
THE POLICE HAD ALREADY SHATTERED,
HE 'MENDED' WHAT THE LAW HAD
RIGHTFULLY BROKEN! 'DOC' MORAN
WAS MORE THAN A CRIMINAL... HE
WAS A TRAITOR TO HUMANITY!
THIS IS HOW HE CAME TO HIS
VILE END...

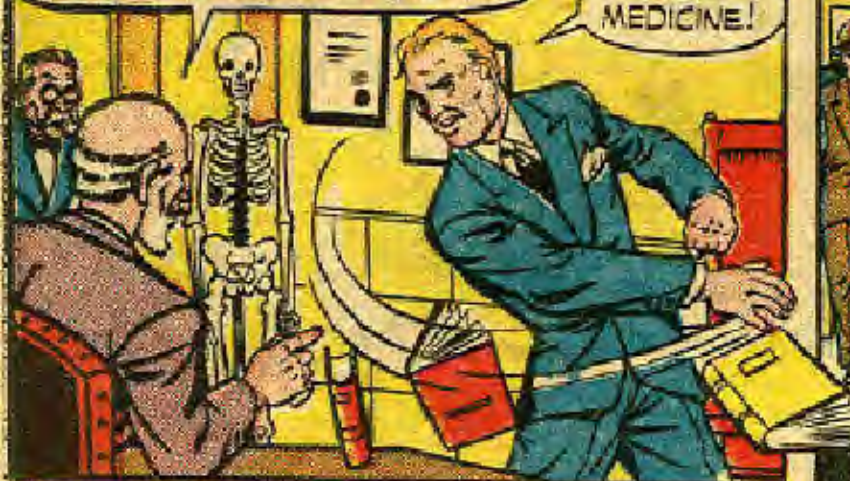
VERNON
HENKEL

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MORAN STARTED HIS LIFE OF CRIME BY BEING KICKED OUT OF MEDICAL SCHOOL...

DRUNKARDS, LIARS AND THIEVES DO NOT MAKE DOCTORS, MORAN! AND YOU'RE ALL THREE ROLLED INTO ONE! WE'VE TAKEN ENOUGH FROM YOU AND NOW YOU'RE THROUGH! MORAN, YOU'RE EXPELLED AND YOU WILL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO STUDY MEDICINE ANYWHERE!

WHO CARES, YOU ROTTEN OLD BILLY GOAT! THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOU AND YOUR MEDICINE!



SOON AFTER, IN A SPEAKEASY...

ONE OF THE MARTUCCI GANG PUMPED FIVE BULLETS INTO 'IM! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR BADLY!

HEY, MORAN! YOU'RE A SAWBONE! FIX THE KID UP AND YOU'LL GET PLENTY FOR IT!

ME? SURE, SURE! I'M THE BEST DOCTOR IN THE WORLD... SURE, LEAVE 'IM T' ME! I'LL FIXSH 'IM GOOD!



DE LASHT BULLET! PRETTY BULLET... NOSE STILL NICE AN' SHARP!

OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



THISH AIN'T EAZSHY WITH AN ICEPICK! YOU SHOULD SHEE ME GO T'TOWN WITH REAL TOOLSH... AH, THERESH THE THIRD BULLET!

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! ONLY HURRY! THE BULLS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US AND COULD'VE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL BY NOW!



I'LL OPEN UP YOU BULLS I'LL... YAAAAA...

HERE, MORAN, YOU'RE IN THE SAME RAT TRAP—FIGHT IT OUT!

YEAH, SURE!



AARRRGH..

YEOWWW! MY ARM! D..DON'T SHOOT!! GIMME A BREAK! D..DON'T SHOOT—PLEASE!

GET ON YOUR FEET, YOU RAT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MORAN WAS SENT TO JOLIET PENITENTIARY AND WAS PUT TO WORK IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL. BUT AGAIN, HE MADE TROUBLE.

SLIPPING DRINKS AND KNIVES AND TOOLS TO THE CONVICTS—YOU WANT ME TO ADD TO YOUR SENTENCE, MORAN?

WARDEN, I'M A SMART BOY! YOU ONLY HAVE TO WARN ME ONCE, AND I'M CURED! I GOT MY MEDICINE AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

HERE YOU ARE, OLLIE! BE CAREFUL WITH THE STUFF! THE WARDEN'S WISE TO ME! AND REMEMBER, SOMEDAY I WANT TO GET PAID OFF FOR ALL THIS!

WHEN I GET ON THE STREET AGAIN, MORAN, YOU'LL BE MY BOY! NOTHIN' WILL BE TOO GOOD FER YA! EVEN WHEN THEY SPRING YA BEFORE MY TIME YOU'LL GET YER REWARD!

WHEN MORAN FINISHED HIS SENTENCE...

HEY, BUD, YER NAME MORAN? OLLIE BURG WROTE US YOU WERE GETTIN' SPRUNG TODAY! WE GOT OUR ORDERS TO FIX YOU UP WITH ANY-THING YOU WANT!

SO OLLIE BURG MEANT WHAT HE SAID! OKAY, GUY, I NEED PLENTY OF FIXING UP!

OLLIE SAID I SHOULD GIVE YOU THIS FOR A STARTER! HE WANTS YOU TO SET UP AN OFFICE IN CHICAGO AND TAKE CARE OF US. ONCE IN A WHILE WE GUYS GET INTRODUCED TO SOME SLUGS!

NEAT IDEA! I GET YOU GUYS FOR PATIENTS, EH? WELL, WITH THIS KIND OF FEES, I'M GOING TO LIKE MY WORK!

LIKE YER SET-UP, MORAN? WE GOT YA THE BEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN CHICAGO FOR A GOOD FRONT!

A REGULAR DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE! THAT'S ME!

"DOC" MORAN STARTED, PRACTICING DURING THE PROHIBITION GANG-WAR DAYS...

DUCK! IT'S BLACKIE BORDEN'S MOB!

SWEET—LIKE DUCKS ON A POND!

YAAAAAA!

RATATAT

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



OH...I'M DYIN'...
I'M D..DYIN'! GET
ME TO M., MORAN!

THAT'S WHERE
WE'RE GOIN', KID!
MORAN'LL FIX YOU
UP LIKE HE FIXED
LEFTY!



MORAN! HURRY
OVER—YOU KNOW
WHERE! THE KID
CAUGHT A HANDFUL
OF STORMCLOUDS!

TOO BAD! WELL,
THE SILVER LINING'S
ON HIS WAY!...BE
THERE IN TEN
MINUTES!



YOU AIN'T
GOIN' TA
LET ME
DIE, ARE
YA, DOC?

NAW, KID! JUST
RELAX—ONLY BAD
THING, THOUGH, IT'S
GOING TO HURT!
I'VE GOT NO
ANAEETHETIC!



HE'S OUT LIKE A
LIGHT—COULDN'T
STAND THE PAIN, THE
SISSY! BUT HE'LL LIVE!
WANT ME TO TAKE
A PEEK AT YOUR
CUTS, NOW?

YEAH, DOC!
GEE, THE
KID'S
SLEEPING
LIKE A
BABY! HE
OWES HIS LIFE
TA YA, DOC!
YOU'RE OKAY!



HE TREATED HIS PATIENTS UNDER
ALL SORTS OF CONDITIONS!

SLOW DOWN,
YOU LUG!
WANT ME TO
RIP HIM
OPEN?

CAN'T HELP
IT, DOC! WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE
DUST TO
INDIANAPOLIS!



I KNEW I'D KILL
HIM OPERATING
AT THAT
SPEED!

SO IT'S THE STIFF'S HARD LUCK!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS BANK
DOUGH TO INDIANAPOLIS! THEY
WON'T FIND THE JERK DOWN
THIS CLIFF FOR A WHILE,
ANYWAY!



BY FLASHLIGHT...

I'LL KILL
HIM! THISH
ISH LIKE
WORKING
BLIND!

IF YOU DIDN'T
DRINK SO MUCH,
YOUR HANDS
WOULDN'T SHAKE
SO MUCH—AND
YOU COULD FEEL
YOUR WAY INTO
HIS CHEST!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IF DOC'S BOOZE-SHAKY HANDS SLIPPED, IT WAS JUST TOO BAD. LIFE WAS CHEAP IN GANGLAND!

HE DESERVED IT!
VERY POOR PATIENT!
HE DIED ON
ME!

WHO WOULDN'T!
SOON YOU WON'T
EVEN BE ABLE TO
HOLD A BOTTLE—
LET ALONE A
KNIFE!



'DOC' MORAN'S DOWNFALL BEGAN WITH HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE DILLINGER GANG...

WELL, WE'VE PASSED
THE ILLINOIS BORDERLINE
NOW, HAMILTON!
TOMORROW WE'LL BE
ON OUR WAY OUT OF
ILLINOIS WITH PLENTY
OF MOOLA!

WE
OUGHT TO,
JOHNNY! THAT
BANK ROBBERY'S
BEEN
PLANNED FOR
MONTHS!



BUT JOHN DILLINGER'S SIDE-
KICK WAS STRUCK BY SEVEN
BULLETS!

FASTER!
FASTER!

I'M
TRYING
AIN'T I?
OHH...



BUT WHAT
AM I GOING
TO DO WITH
HIM? HE'S
CAUGHT
SEVEN
BULLETS!

TELEPHONE
DOC MORAN!
THE BOYS SAY
YOU CAN COUNT
ON HIM! I'VE GOT
TO CATCH A
PLANE FOR
TUCSON—THE
GANG'S WAITING
FOR ME
THERE!



WHEN 'DOC'
ARRIVED...

AFTER YOU
POUR THAT
WATER, POUR
ME A DRINK! I'M NERVOUS.
HAMILTON'S HOT AS FIRE!
THE FBI'LL BE SWARMING
DOWN MY NECK! I WAS A
FOOL TO BOTHER
WITH HIM!

CAN IT!
YOU KNOW
WHAT'S GOOD FOR
YOU—THAT'S WHY
YOU CAME!



HAMILTON RECOVERED, ONLY TO BE MORTALLY
WOUNDED WHEN THE FBI CAUGHT UP WITH HIS
GANG AT A RESORT CALLED "LITTLE BOHEMIA"
IN WISCONSIN...

YOU GOTTA GET ME TO
CHICAGO! DOC MORAN'LL
FIX ME UP AGAIN—ONLY
HURRY! THIS P.PAIN'S
KILLIN' ME!



WELL,
DIDN'T
YOU GET
HIM TO
MORAN?

YEAH!
WHAT
ABOUT
HIS
DOCTOR?

HE AIN'T HAD NO DOCTOR!
WE WENT TO SEE MORAN,
BUT WHAT DID HE DO?
TURNED US DOWN COLD!
WOULDN'T TREAT ANYBODY
IN THE DILLINGER GANG!
SAID HE WAS SORE
AT THE DILLINGER
CROWD! MORAN
WAS DRUNK!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN HALF AN HOUR, HAMILTON
DIED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD
AND GANGRENE...



MORAN KILLED
HAMILTON! MORAN
TURNED YELLOW ON US!
THAT AIN'T GONNA BE
HAPPY FOR MORAN!
NOW WE BETTER BURY
HAMILTON! EVEN AS A
CORPSE HAMILTON IS
TOO HOT! BURY HIM
SO NOBODY FINDS HIM,
OR HE'LL GET US ALL
IN A JAM!

DIDJA HEAR? MORAN
LET HAMILTON DIE
WITHOUT LIFTING A
HAND TO SAVE HIM!
RUSS GOBSON IS
GOING TO SETTLE
WITH DOC!

NOTHIN' NEW!
DOC'S NERVE IS
GONE! THAT DON'T
MAKE HIM RELIABLE
NO MORE! GOBSON'S
RIGHT!



ONE DAY, TWO OF GOBSON'S
MOBSTERS CALLED ON MORAN.

PLASTIC SURGERY? SURE I CAN
DO IT! I CAN
DO ANYTHING!

IT BETTER
BE A GOOD
JOB!



OR ELSE!



SOME WEEKS LATER AT
GOBSON'S HIDEOUT...

ALL RIGHT—PEEL!
DOC WAS SUPPOSED
TO FIX YOU SO YOUR
MOTHERS WOULDN'T
KNOW YOU! LET'S
SEE WHAT HE
DONE!

I ASKED
HIM TO MAKE
ME LOOK
LIKE
TYRONE
POWER!



WELL,
WHATCHA
QUIET FOR?
H..HOW DO
WE LOOK?

SO DOC WAS GONNA FIX YOU
UP LIKE MOVIE STARS, EH?
WE'RE SENDING FOR DOC—
MAYBE HE'LL ASK YOU BOYS
FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPHS!



OH, DOC, CAN YOU
RUN DOWN TO THE
HIDEOUT? THAT PLASTIC
JOB YOU DONE FOR THE
BOYS TURNED OUT SWELL!
WE WANNA PAY YOU
SOMETHING EXTRA
FOR IT!

I'LL BE RIGHT
DOWN, RUSS!
DON'T GO AWAY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



PRE-WAR... WAR... POST-WAR!!!

NOW AS ALWAYS THE

BIG 3

LEAD THE COMIC PARADE!

Remember
'DAREDEVIL',
'BOY',
and 'CRIME' does not pay"

GIVE YOU THE
MOST FOR YOUR
DIME!



LEV GLEASON
publisher
CHARLES BIRO
and
BOB WOOD
editors

"THE TEAM
THAT CAN'T
BE BEAT!"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHO DUNNIT MYSTERY?

Stories by JOHN HUBBARD

Special
Comic
Strip
Series



Look, when this burning ship sank, nobody saw it! Not one of the men on board! Not any of the crew! Nobody!



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LIKE A MADDENED BEAST THE HURRICANE SWEEPS DOWN ON THE MARY LOU...

WHOA! SO THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL DAY WE WERE SPEAKING ABOUT... TAKE THE TILLER, MR. KING! WE'RE PULLING IN SAIL AND HEADING BACK!

RIGHTO!

BUT THE FURY OF THE STORM MOUNTS RAPIDLY...

WHAT'S WRONG, CAPTAIN? WE SEEM TO BE GOING FURTHER OUT TO SEA!

THE WINDS TOO STRONG FOR US... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT IT OUT!

TOSS IT OUT, YOU MEAN!

BUT AN EVIL HAND HAD SETTLED ON THE MARY LOU AND HER CREW... FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS THE STORM BATTERED HER FARTHER AND FARTHER OUT TO SEA...

FINALLY A GREAT BLAST WEAKENED THE STOUT MAST... AND...

ETHEL!

CRACK!

IS SHE HURT BADLY?

THE MAST... IT HIT HER SHOULDER—I DON'T KNOW!

CAPTAIN, DO YOU HAVE ANY MEDICAL SUPPLIES?

NO! I HAVE NO MEDICAL SUPPLIES ABOARD AND ONLY A GALLON OF WATER AND A BOX OF CRACKERS LEFT FOR FOOD..

GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT WILL WE DO?

IT CAN'T LAST FOR EVER... WE'LL MAKE IT ALRIGHT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ANOTHER TWO DAYS PASSED...
APPETITES AND TEMPER
FLARED UP...

TWO OUNCES OF
WATER AND A
CRACKER! IS THAT
ALL WE GET?

GREAT
HEAVENS,
CAPTAIN...
CAN'T
WE HAVE
MORE THAN
THAT!

I'M
THE
CAPTAIN
OF
THIS
BOAT...
EACH
ONE WILL
GET HIS
JUST SHARE
AND NO MORE,
EXCEPT FOR
MRS. SPEERS...
BECAUSE OF
HER CONDITION
SHE WILL
RECEIVE
DOUBLE
RATIONS!



AND AS THE DAYS PASSED
THE STORM ABATED BUT
THE MARY LOU WAS MANY
MILES OUT TO SEA... DEATH
WAS MOVING IN...



MINDS BECAME
CLOUDED...

NOT MUCH
WATER LEFT...
MRS. SPEERS
NEEDS MORE!

THAT SICK
WOMAN...
WHY DOES
SHE NEED
SO MUCH
WATER?

IT ISN'T RIGHT
TO SAY... BUT IN
HER CONDITION
SHE PROBABLY
NEEDS MORE TO
SURVIVE!

PLEASE DON'T
GIVE ME MORE
THAN MY SHARE!



SPEERS, I KNOW
YOU'RE GIVING
YOUR RATIONS TO
YOUR WIFE...
YOU'VE GOT TO
TAKE YOUR OWN!
THIS SUN WILL
GET YOU!

SO WHAT...?
WHAT DIFFERENCE...
IF IT WILL
SAVE HER
LIFE!

WHY DID
IT HAVE TO
BE HER... WHY
COULDN'T THE
MAST HAVE HIT
ME... WHY?
WHY?

TAKE IT
EASY,
SPEERS!
YOU
SHOULDN'T
GET TOO
EXCITED
IN THIS
SUN!

GREAT HEAVENS!
CAN'T YOU STOP
HIM FROM
HUMMING LIKE
THAT!

WHAT'S
HE
SINGING?
MR. SPEERS
IS A
COMPOSER,
THAT'S
HIS
NEWEST
MELODY...
LET HIM
ALONE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IN THE COOL OF NIGHT ONLY THE HUMMING OF GERALD SPEERS CAN BE HEARD OVER THE STILL WATERS....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

DETECTIVE CURRANS THINKS OTHERWISE...

I WANT EACH OF YOU TO TELL ME WHAT YOU HEARD LAST NIGHT... ONE OF US MIGHT HAVE KILLED THEM FOR THE RATIONS!

HOW FANTASTIC! I HEARD NOTHING!

NEITHER DID I... MAYBE SHE ROLLED OVER BOARD, AND HE WENT AFTER HER!

ONE OF HER HANDS MIGHT HAVE DRAGGED IN THE WATER ...A SHARK MIGHT'VE SNATCHED AT THE SHINY BRACELET SHE WORE!

HOW ABOUT YOU, CURRANS... JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A DETECTIVE DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE FREE FROM SUSPICION!

NO IT DOESN'T BUT I'M NOT WORRIED... FOR YOU SEE.....



..I KNOW WHO KILLED MR. AND MRS. SPEERS AND WILL PROVE IT ONE DAY... IF WE ARE RESCUED!



THE NEXT DAY...

A BOAT... THEY SEE US... OH, THANK HEAVENS!

IT'S A FREIGHTER... WE COULDN'T HAVE LASTED ANOTHER DAY!

GREAT GLORY! AT LAST!



THEN...



DETECTIVE CURRANS... YOU SAID YOU KNEW THAT SOMEONE HAD MURDERED THE SPEERS AND WHO IT WAS!

I DID, INDEED! ARTHUR KING KILLED THE SPEERS! HE KNEW THAT WITH THEIR DEATHS HE WOULD HAVE A LARGER RATION TO LIVE ON... BUT HE MADE ONE GREAT BLUNDER!



IS DETECTIVE CURRANS RIGHT IN HIS ACCUSATION—AND IF SO—WHY? TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU SAID THE NEXT DAY THAT A SHARK MIGHT HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED TO MRS. SPEERS' BRACELET WHEN SHE HAD HER ARM IN THE WATER AND DRAGGED HER IN! MRS. SPEERS WORE NO BRACELET UNTIL THE NIGHT OF HER DEATH WHEN SHE PUT ON HER HUSBAND'S, FEARING SHE WAS GOING TO DIE... I SAW HER DO IT... NO ONE BUT THE KILLER COULD HAVE KNOWN SHE WORE A BRACELET AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH!

YOU SWINE!
LIAR!



ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!
I CONFESS! I WAS
OUT OF MY MIND!
I'M THE KILLER!



Jack Alderman
Crime
DOES NOT PAY!

13 million men and women will wear one!!

**IT STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE
TO OUR COUNTRY!**



**WHAT
DOES THIS
MEAN?**

ALL MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE HONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMED FORCES WILL WEAR THIS BUTTON. REMEMBER, THEY HAVE SERVED AMERICA WELL, AND SO HELPED PROTECT THE THINGS YOU LOVE...YOUR HOME, YOUR FAMILY, YOUR FREEDOM!!! JOIN IN SAYING TO THEM "WELL DONE AND WELCOME HOME!"